

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

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NO. 472

JOSEPHINE—A TALE.

By Miss Eliza Yeames.

(Concluded.)

Mr. Blanchard, Louisa's husband, was an affable, honest hearted man; he treated me with a brotherly affection, and gained a very great share of my esteem in return. Frances, (Mrs. Everley,) and Rosa, (Mrs. Willoughby) my other two sisters, were very amiable women; the former was a pretty, sparkling brunette; the latter a pensive, interesting character, of a mind mild as the spring, and features cast in an angelic mould. My heart was equally divided among Louisa, Frances, and Rosa; my cares to their children, the little Wordsworth's claiming my consideration in a double degree, for the sake of their unfortunate mother. So that when, at the end of three years from Lavinia's death, I was informed that their father was about to marry again, I was in agonies.

"In the mean time, Rosa had lost, one by one, her loved offspring, and now seemed hastening herself into a rapid decline. I, who had penetrated the disorder for some time before, was not surprised at the doctor's information; but Louisa was inconsolable.

"Mrs. Willoughby was ordered to France, and thither she proposed going; she gave me plainly to understand she should be happy if I would accompany her. I could not refuse her entreating looks, but, taking an affectionate leave of the young Wordsworths and Louisa, quitted England. France was, at the time we went, in a state of tranquillity; its grandeur and beautiful scenery delighted me. Mrs. Willoughby smiled on my enthusiastic remarks, patted my cheek, and called me romantic. I smiled in return, and continued to gaze with increased regard on the varied landscape we had to pass through, or the hanging wood we were leaving behind. We procured a cottage situated in a beautiful valley; the mild breezes from the sea blew directly towards us, and promised to revive Mrs. Willoughby. A small garden before the front door, bloomed with a variety of lovely plants; the dwelling so surrounded by charms looked more like a fairy than earthly tenement. The abode of an ad-joining convent honoured us by her friendship; many of the nuns and boarders were amiable and courteous. I found my time pass agreeably away, and England and my connections thus gradually faded from my mind.

"The brother of one of my friends in the monastery chanced to see me; he gazed and loved. His ardent eyes drew mine upon him, and in a little time my heart was not my own. Arville was handsome, amiable, ardent, frank and noble, possessed of every thing save riches; that want now stood betwixt him and me; he could not bring beggary on one he loved; he sighed, sickened, and at length, brought by an hopeless passion to the grave, breathed his last. I was shocked at the intelligence. My blood ran cold; my head turned dizzy,

and I fell into a melancholy state. Now, unsupported by my tenderness as a nurse, Rosa's spirits fled; she wrote to her sisters; implored Louisa to fly to her, and resigned herself to death. The presence of Mrs. Blanchard seemed to revive me; I looked in her face, shrieked, and wept with joy. Poor Louisa was divided between my sister and me; she kissed me, hung over me, and at times uttered the name of Rosa. I caught the name, for a time forgot the cause of my illness, and at length recovered. Not so Mrs. Willoughby; she daily declined; and on the day in which I arose from my bed she died. I had not been told to what a height her disorder had risen, but supposed her only slightly indisposed. Judge then, my astonishment when, carelessly going into her room, I found her in her last moments. The tender Louisa supported her faint head; one cheek rested on her bosom; the other exhibited the appearance of death in its gentlest colours, for a faint and lovely bloom had stolen on it, and gave her the look of an angel. Her eyes were closed when I entered; but my movements caused her to open them. I attracted her gaze—it was only for a moment; a voice more powerful than mine called to her and she appeared to fall into a sleep. Alas! it was her eternal rest! I perceived it, and sunk senseless on the ground.

"From this time I enjoyed only at intervals the knowledge of existence. Louisa, terrified and desponding, sent for Mr. Blanchard, and immediately on his arrival we prepared for our return to England. We embarked with a prosperous gale; but the wind shortly shifting, and considerably rising, we were driven from our anchor, and left to the mercy of the waves. I knew not of my situation, but laughed and played with a large Newfoundland dog on board with the greatest unconcern, calling him Rolla, and naming him my brother. Louisa, transported with grief, hung on her husband; with one arm round my waist, pressing me convulsively to her, and mourning her destiny and mine. "Sweet sufferer!" she exclaimed, as I have since been told by an honest tar, "happily you know not your danger; you will die void of the preceding pangs which rend my bosom. Oh, may you, Josephine, never be torn from my arms, not even in death!" I knew very little more. In a short time the vessel made a desperate motion. I heard a universal shriek, and looked around with a frightful stare. The next moment we were all at the mercy of the waves—the sailors, Mr. Blanchard, Louisa, Rolla, and myself; when awakening from the apparent sleep in which I had fell, I found myself with my sister, (Mrs. Everley) and Rolla. I eagerly enquired concerning Louisa and her husband; they had both perished, as did all belonging to the unfortunate vessel, except myself and a sailor, who was Rolla's master, from whom she had obtained the dog. "Who had saved me?" I eagerly asked. Fanny pointed to the Newfoundland dog. I was astonished; I kissed and caressed the faithful, fond creature, but reproached him for not saving my brother in law and Louisa.

He seemed to understand me, for he looked anxiously on me, and licked my hands as if to be forgiven.

"Some time was taken for my recovery. I had every possible attention paid to me, but my health returned very slowly; and for a length of time after the surgeon's attendance had ceased, I remained in a delicate state. To enjoy the benefit of the air I took a little cottage about one mile from ———, where I passed my time as well as I possibly could; and as the months rolled over my head, I gradually overcame the sorrow that had hitherto oppressed me. Good fortune led me to try my luck in the lottery. I won the sum of 10,000 pounds, placed it in the funds, and took the future care of Lavinia's children on myself. Mr. Wordsworth was rather embarrassed in circumstances. I made his affairs easy; created the comfort of a few poor families, and existed in ease and happiness myself. As the mistress of a genteel income, I received many offers of marriage from respectable characters; but choose to refuse them all, finally resolving to think only of the little Wordsworths, and consider their advantage. Their father has retrieved his errors, he is married again, but often mourns with me, the loss of Lavinia. He is now prosperously established in trade; and for his comfort, and that of his children, I removed from D——, my native place, where Mrs. Everley resides, to this town.

"Having once mentioned Mrs. Rebecca Miller, I shall add, that she is since wedded to a gay young rake, who is fast dissipating her fortune, and who renders her perfectly miserable; though as she is now above seventy years old, it is not to be expected that she can much longer be subjected to his tyranny. When I compare her to myself, I can never but applaud the resolution I possess, nor enough pity Mrs. Rebecca's weakness, although I experience the sneers of mankind. But that is of little consequence, as I possess endearing friends in the Wordsworths, a faithful companion in my maid Judith, (who is likewise a laughingstock for the world) and the ever constant, fond Rolla's valued services. I am at present in that state of mind to be envied; cheerful, happy, and in peace with all around. Not so mis-— She is nearly of my age, but would not acknowledge above half her years; she is in constant dread of being called an old maid, sets her cap at every man, finds she pleases no one, and is distracted with apprehensions and doubts. She is to be pitied. Perhaps I am to be blamed."

Mrs. St. John ended with a smile, and I thought it proper to say something. "You are, madam, (said I) so very amiable in my eyes, and your whole conduct is so dictated by sense and goodness, that I must ever applaud and admire you."

I then fell into a musing disposition; and after revolving in my mind of Josephine's conduct and the behaviour of the world to her, I finally agreed that people were much to be blamed for having thus slightly skimmed her character, and placed to her account errors

which she did not possess: that she was a woman from whose conversation nothing could be lost to the hearers advantage, and who ought to hold a high place in public esteem. Lastly, though derided and beheld with contempt, her modest unaffected manners, graceful carriage, and superior understanding, outvied those of every other female I had ever seen, and claimed my unceasing friendship and admiration.

PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.

Was lately tried in the Court of Common Pleas, an action of damages for breach of promise of marriage, brought by Miss Hand, of Hambro', against Mr. Kiston, of Hyde-street, Blooms-bury. The evidence consisted chiefly of the letters which the defendant had written from London, to his mistress at Hambro. These occasioned infinite mirth. In the first place they disclosed that Mr. Kiston was a journeyman tallow-chandler; for, in painting the ardor of his attachment, he borrowed many terms from his art. Although it appeared that he was not always in a melting mood, he talks of his soul being dissolved, of being dipped in wretchedness; of his heart being cast in a delicate mould; of the kettle full of happiness which he conceived was awaiting him; of his love burning clear; of his liver being consumed like the wick of a candle; of his fears lest her passion died away like the flame in the socket of a candlestick, &c. &c. There was one passage that afforded peculiar amusement, as it reminded every one of the stile of a noble Marquis, who, after painting the ardor of his passion, stops suddenly short to descend upon the price of wheat in Reading market. "My love, (says Mr. Kiston) my angel, my hand, when shall we be joined together, and mixed like wax and spermaceti? Bye the bye I have had news for your brother. Tallow is as high as ever, and at present there is a prospect of its rising higher still. As such he cannot do better than buy any that comes in his way." From an able cross examination it came out that this disconsolate virgin is 39 years of age, and the fickle swain is more than a dozen years younger!! It was however proved that he had married a woman with five or six hundred pounds, and had dipped into a very profitable melting trade. The Jury, to dry up Miss Hand's tears, gave her a verdict for 100l.

ANECDOTE.

A corporal, who was some time since condemned to death in Dublin, finding that he was to be executed on a Friday, wrote to his wife on Thursday preceding, to inform her of his unfortunate situation. Being aware that the letter would not reach her till Saturday, he determined to inform her of the fact himself, and wrote thus: "My dear wife, I hope this will find you in good health; as I am at present. I have to inform you, that I was hanged yesterday at half past eleven—I had, thank God, an easy death, and had the pleasure of seeing every body weep on my account. Remember me, and take care of my poor children, who have no father. Your affectionate husband until death.

If you think twice before you speak once, you will speak twice the better for it.

SIR ELMER,

A LEGENDARY TALE.

[CONCLUDED.]

Yet can I bear to hear him plead,
And beg his life of me?
O, Hubert, Hubert! sooner far
Would I be slain by thee!

But lo! the sight that met his eye!
Old Hubert, kneeling, pray'd
Before a marble tomb, where high
Was Egbert's name display'd!

The knight remain'd in silence near,
And mark'd his tears and sighs;
And answering floods of pity ran
Incessant from his eyes.

The baron rose, and wonder'd much
To see Sir Elmer stand,
Tears coursing down his face, and drawn
The weapon in his hand

Know'st thou this sword? Sir Elmer said,
Know'st thou this bloody stain?
'Tis Egbert's sword! 'tis Egbert's blood!
And thou hast Egbert slain!

Yes, Heaven is just! the baron cry'd,
The chief was slain by me!
And willingly I yield my life,
Oh Egbert's son, to thee!

Vain is the hope by ruthless deeds
To purchase wealth and peace!
Oh welcome Death! for this remorse
With thee alone shall cease!

Yet ere I close my eyes for aye,
Let me my tale reveal!
And haply thy too pitying breast
To just revenge 'twill steel!

Thy sire and I in early youth,
For the same damsel strove;
I gain'd the wealthy sire's consent—
He won Eltruda's love.

To him she gave her secret faith,
(Ah—could I hear to see!)
And sheltered from her hostile sire,
She crown'd his hopes with thee!

By passion stung—by envy fir'd,
I struck his kindred breast;
And of his consort and his lands
Became at once possess'd,

Pitying I saw thy helpless youth,
And reared lost Egbert's son,
Yet would I ne'er thy name reveal,
Nor yield the wealth I'd won.

Could I by such avowal blast
My long established fame!
Or such a direful stigma cast
On my unblemish'd name!

Yet I designed when'er high Heaven
Me to the grave should call,
To certify thy noble birth,
And yield thy treasures all.

But yet thy father's angry spirit
Oft hovers o'er my bed,
And sheds alarming visions round,
And shakes my soul with dread.

The fair Eltruda sunk beneath
The unexpected blow—
And died in beauty's early prime,
A victim to her woe!

Yet ere she died, alas! to me
One darling child she bore!
My Emma is my only bliss!
Say, need I tell thee more?

Oh no! the trembling youth exclaim'd,
Live Hubert, live in peace!
'Tis I must seek the grave—for there
Alone my woes can cease!

Oh Emma! lovely, lov'd, ador'd!
Forgive this impious sigh!
Sister, forgive my guilty love!
For thee, for thee, I die!

He rais'd aloft the shining blade,
And on his sire he cried—
Then in his bosom plung'd the steel,
And in a moment—DIED!

ADVICE TO FEMALES,

ON THE MANAGEMENT OF A LOVER.

A LOVER should be perpetually employed; he should have every thing to fear, and very little to hope for; take from him the necessity of constant assiduity, and he will very soon lose the wish to please. Security is the poison of love; the little god, if suffered to be conscious of possessing wings, will never rest till he has tried their strength; and, if once permitted to soar from the shackles of allurement, he never will return, except to reproach his tyrant for past inhumanity.

Every thing that lives delights in liberty except the lover; like the feathered warbler, who, long confined, sings contentedly in his wiry habitation, he enjoys his slavery; give him his freedom, and he roves a wanderer, seeking new pleasures and new chains; nor does he recover his wonted felicity till he is again fascinated by the spell of female enchantment. If we have no object to please we soon lose the desire to be amiable. If you would secure the affections of your lover, teach him to deserve you, by a proper respect for your own attractions, and be assured that the moment he ceased to dread the punishment of losing you, you will have no farther claim upon his constancy or affection.

SCOTTISH BULLS.

A Scottish Clergyman, in what he facetiously terms, 'a Faithful translation of Sonnini's Travels in Egypt,' informs his readers, that at Malta the ridges of the houses are all flat terraces, and that at Rosetta the inhabitants cut the throats of their ducks, and in that situation keep them alive with their wings broken; and lastly, that the Orientals never take a walk but on horseback.

ANECDOTES.

THE following whimsical circumstance occurred some time ago in Hampshire, and is a complete model of ignorant simplicity:

A gentleman in the neighbourhood of R—, in Hampshire, was so far reduced by a violent attack of illness, that his life was despaired of. The most eminent practitioners in physic had attended, and had nearly lost all hopes, when fortunately a medical gentleman who resided in the neighbourhood was called in; who, by pursuing a directly opposite course to that of his brothers in physic, soon effected a cure, and the patient's health was perfectly re-established.—This almost miraculous recovery occasioned a great deal of conversation in the village; and among other things, it was remarked at a farmer's house that this cure would be a feather in the doctor's cap. An honest ignorant Tony Lumpkin, who was present, going home soon afterwards, by way of a piece of news said, 'Ecce! our doctor will be main smart now, for Mr. B— has given him a feather to wear in his cap!'

A VESSEL having arrived in the river from the West Indies, the captain's servant, a negro boy, was sent on shore on a Sunday forenoon, and observing a number of persons resorting to a baker's shop, and each throwing down a penny and carrying away a pie, he

returned on board, exclaiming, Massa, massa! give me one penny, and I will bring you one great big pie. His master did not understand what he meant, but having a mind to humour him, gave the penny. He ran to the baker's, threw down his money, and the woman asking which was his, he picked out the largest, crying out, Dis my pie, dis my pie: and the woman, helping him to get in on his head, he carried it on board, to the astonishment of the captain, and no doubt to the sad disappointment of the owner.

ON UNIVERSAL PROFESSIONS OF FRIENDSHIP.

Who gives his hand to every one,
Is he who gives his heart to none.

The Weekly Mugrum.

NEW-YORK, OCTOBER 3, 1807.

The city inspector reports the death of 51 persons, (of whom 12 were men, 11 women, 11 boys, and 17 girls,) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz.—Of casualty 1, cholera morbus 1, consumption 9, convulsions 4, cramp in the stomach 1, decay 3, drowned 2, typhus fever 1, infantile flux 5, fracture 1, gout 1, gravel 1, hives 2, jaundice 2, inflammation of the lungs 2, mortification 1, old age 1, pleurisy 1, emula 1, sprue 1, still-born 5, sudden death 1, tooth-ach 2, and 3 of worms.

About 8 o'clock on the morning of the 11th ult. the Brig Governor Trumbull, captain Burr, from N. York for Savannah, struck on Martin's Industry. She had a valuable cargo of dry goods, &c. principally belonging to merchants in Augusta, said to amount from 75 to 100,000 dollars. The vessel and cargo totally lost. We are happy to state that the passengers, four in number, two ladies and two gentlemen, together with the captain and crew, have all arrived in Savannah.

[Mer. Adv.]

A meeting took place at Norfolk on Wednesday night between Dr. Stark and captain Gordon of the Chesapeake, in consequence of a dispute on the subject of Commodore Barron's conduct—several animosities were exchanged without effect. The affair terminated in the Doctor's receiving a wound through the arm from Lt. Crane, the friend of captain Gordon.

Captain Warland, arrived at Boston in 9 days from Halifax, informs, that the British August Packet had arrived at that place; that the Jason had returned from New York with 50 of her crew in irons; that the Bellona, captain Hardy, had sailed for the Chesapeake, and that a temporary embargo was to be laid the day after he came away, on account of the sailing of some transports, with troops on board, supposed for Quebec. Captain Warland also states, that the three men taken from the Chesapeake frigate with Ratford, had been tried, and were found guilty of mutiny and desertion; but that the punishment of death had been mitigated, by being sentenced to receive 500 lashes each. This sentence was, however, fully remitted the day before he sailed.

The attempt of the English upon the Danes is a bold stroke, and has the appearance of an enormous act of injustice against a neutral and unoffending people. The British must be prepared with some charges of secret hostility, or pleas of strong necessity, to justify it to the world. From the former spirit of the Danes, we may conclude that they will not readily yield to the demand, unless it is through a preference of falling into the hands of the English rather than those of the French.

The island of Zealand is the prime seat of the Danish monarchy, on which Copenhagen, the chief city of Denmark and Elsinore are situated. Copenhagen is about 25 American miles S. of the Sound, and contains (according to Pinkerton) nearly 100,000 inhabitants.

The Danish standing force, exclusive of Norway is stated at 40,000, and the navy at 33 ships of the line.

An explosion of a quantity of gun-powder at Luxembourg, has ruined upwards of 200 families.

CHARGE OF MURDER.

A charge of murder against Captain Williams, of the ship Croydon, employed in the slave trade to Charleston, in South Carolina, has been lately before the English privy Council, and occupied much of their attention.

The circumstances of the case, that have transpired, are, that the Croydon arrived at Charleston in the month of November last, under the command of captain Williams. After the vessel was safely moored, Nichols, one of the mates, and two or three petty officers went on shore, and did not return to the ship that night. For this offence captain Williams had them all apprehended and imprisoned for 51 days. On the day previous to that on which the Croydon was to sail from Charleston, captain Williams sent to the prison, desiring that Nichols, the mate, and the rest of the petty officers, might be released, and sent on board the Croydon, which was accordingly done. On the following day, when the ship was about to sail, it is charged, that capt. Williams ordered Nichols and the rest of the officers to assist in manning the windlass, which they refused to do, until capt. Williams paid them a month's wages in advance, according to their articles, which the captain declined to do, and ordered them again to assist in manning the windlass; the officers refusing to do it, captain Williams left the deck, went into his cabin, and returned with a pistol in each hand, and ordered the officers again to assist in manning the windlass, which they refused to do, unless they were paid; in consequence, captain Williams discharged one of the pistols at them. The shot went through the left shoulder of Nichols the mate, and through the back of one of the others; they both fell, and were taken to an hospital on shore, where the officer who received the wound in his back died in consequence, the following evening. Nichols recovered in a short time. Captain Williams learning that the charge against him had been preferred before the privy Council, made his escape from England; but dispatches have been sent after him to Government officers to send him back to England, and there is very little doubt of their success.

London paper, July 21.

THE SUBSCRIBER.

Professor of Dancing and of the French Language Interpreter, Translator, &c. has established his academy at Harmony hall in Barley, corner of William street, where he exercises his profession.

Pupils for the French Language are attended at such hours of the day or evening as may suit their convenience.

The Dancing School is kept in the afternoon for masters, misses, and such as cannot attend at other times, and in the evening for grown persons of both sexes. The master has it in his power at almost any time of day or evening to attend on Ladies or Gentlemen, who, not having had the opportunity, in early life to acquire the polite accomplishment of dancing, would prefer being instructed in private, rather than at the public school. Ladies and gentlemen desiring it, will be waited upon at their houses. sep 19

IGNACE C. FRAISIER.

WANTED

Immediately, an accomplished Tailor, to whom good wages and constant employment will be given—none need apply except they are thoroughly acquainted with the trade. Enquire at No. 214 Greenwich street.

N. B. Wanted also, two or three female apprentices to the same business. Enquire as above, sep 26 5.

COURT OF HYMEN.

When friends like these unite to mingle cares,
May wealth and love, and prosperous days be theirs.

MARRIED

On the 5th June last, by the Rev. Mr. Abbel, Mr. George S. Hatheway to Miss Eliza K. Lyon, all of this city.

By the Rev. Mr. Parkinson, Mr. Robert Donaldson of North Carolina, to Miss Mary Baker, of this city.

On Thursday evening the 17th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Lyell, Captain James Gill to Miss Mary Williams.

Lately at Ellesmere, in England, Mr. John Hughes, an old bachelor of 85 years of age, who had been bellman of the same place upwards of 60 years, to Mrs. Anna Dulton, of the same place, a widow aged 82. The groom's man was 78; the bride's maid 75, making a total of 320 years. The novelty of the scene brought together a vast concourse of people—the church yard was crowded while the ceremony was performed, and the happy couple were met at the church door by three violin players, playing—Come haste to the Wedding. The whole concluded with a ball at night, which was opened by the bride and bride's maid.

MORTALITY.

* Long as the good congenial worth revere,
Or worth departed, prompt the gushing tear
So long to merit just, and urged by woe
For thee the heart shall give—the tear shall flow.*

DIED

On Saturday last, Abraham L. Blauvelt, Esq. son of the Rev. Isaac Blauvelt, of East Chester, aged 24 years and 10 months.

On Wednesday, Thomas Morgan, aged 15 years at Charleston, Capt. Christopher Whipple, a native of Rhode Island; Mr. Isaac Bouchonnet; miss Mary Hannes, a native of Albany; Mr. J. Charles Hentz; Mr. John Norment; Messrs Newton and Baldwin; Alexander Gibson, James Drew, Mrs. Nancy Ann Lamb, miss Nancy Isabella O'Brien, Mr. Andrew Holmes, Augustus D. Jones, Wm. Adams, Patrick McDowall—and Wm. Paul, blacksmith, found dead in his bed—his death was occasioned by the extreme heat of the weather.

A young English Gentleman accustomed to instruct in various studies, youth of both sexes, wishes to devote a part of his time to the education of the children of a genteel family at their own house. Further information may be obtained by applying at the printer's either personally, or by letter addressed to A. B. oct. 3 34*

THOMAS HARRISON,

Late from London, Silk, Cotton, & Woollen Dyer No. 63, Liberty-Street, near Broadway, New-York, Can furnish the Ladies with the most fashionable colours. Ladies dresses, of every description, cleaned, dyed, and glazed without having them ripped.—All kinds of rich Silks cleaned, and restored as nearly as possible, to their original lustre. Silk Stockings, bed-hangings, Carpeting &c. cleaned and dyed; Gentlemen's clothes cleaned wet or dry; and Calicoes dyed black, on an improved plan.

N. B. Family's residing on any part of the Continent & wishing to favor him with their orders, shall be punctually attended to and returned by such conveyance that is most convenient.

December 6.

NOVELS, &c.

TO SALE AT THIS OFFICE,

Revolutionary Plutarch, or Secret Memoirs of the Bonaparte Family—Charnock's Life of Nelson—Bloomfield's Wild Flowers—Eliza, by Maria Regina Roche—Henry de Beauvais—Fleetwood—Amelia Mansfield—Clermont—Emeline, the Orphan of the Castle—Cecelia—Italian—Don Raphael—Delaval—Vicar of Lamsdown—What has been—Car's Northern Summer—Begger Girl—English Nun—Spirit of the Public Journals—Abdiss—Theodore Cyphen—Tale of the Times—Evelina—Sacred Dramas, for children, &c. &c.

Also, just published, Walker's Critical Pronouncing Dictionary.

COURT OF APOLLO.

From the Albany Register.

CASH.

BY WILLIAM RAY.

Wise moralists in vain have told
How sordid is the love of gold,
Which they call fifty trash;
Thou stranger to these eyes of mine,
Ten thousand virtues still are thine,
Thou all-sufficient Cash!

Tho' thy intrinsic worth be small,
Yet, money, thou art all in all—
Tho' transient as a flash.
In passing just from hand to hand,
The earth is at thy sole command—
It gravitates to Cash.

Possess'd of thee, we may defy
Not death itself—but very nigh;
For when the tyrant's lash
Is felt (and ah! 'twas felt by me*)
It did—it will the vassal free—
Then who despises Cash!

By nature void of ev'ry grace,
If thou hast (reader! view thy face)
But this cosmetic wash;
'Twill whiten and improve the skin—
Thy monkey-nose, thy cheeks, thy chin,
Are beautified by Cash.

And tho' your mental powers be weak,
(To you who money have I speak)
Ne'er fear to cut a dash;
For men of genius and sense,
If poor, will make a poor defence
Against the man of Cash.

Or should you for the basest crimes,
Become indicted fifty times,
This settles all the hash;
For bills which leave the poor no hope
'T' escape the dungeon, or the rope,
Are cancell'd, all by Cash.

Nay 'twill be found that money can
The grovelling beast transform to man,
Tho' different natures clash,
For 'tis a fact beyond dispute,
The miser's far beneath the brute—
A lump of living Cash.

And yet what crowds around him wait—
Behold him cloth'd in pow'r and state—
The garter, star and sash;
Fools fly before the potent nod
Of him whose flesh, whose soul, whose God,
Whose heav'n itself is Cash.

But, sons of Plutus, lest you go,
To those infernal mines below,
Where teeth are said to gnash,
Give to the needy—bribe the grave—
O, if you wish your souls to save,
Be generous of your Cash.

* Mr. Ray was one of the American prisoners in Tripoli; and is now preparing a poem on that subject.

On a clergyman's asserting that the Joy of angels
over returning Sinners might originate in the Anti-
cipation of an addition to their Heavenly Choir.

Why smiles yon Cherub o'er a sinner's tear:
Because himself he views reflected there.

CISTERN.

Made and put in the ground complete,—warranted
tight, by
ALFORD & MERVIN,

MORALIST.

[From the American Eagle.]

IT is with pain that I have marked the conduct
of Enebrio. He was the son of Honestus. In
early life he seemed the child of fortune. Nature
had lavished upon him the best of gifts—he had
activity, wit and understanding superior to most of
his age. His father flattered with the promising
appearance of his son, gave him such early educa-
tion as his circumstances would permit. At the age
of twelve he was a promising youth, and all his
acquaintance united in the opinion that he bid fair
for eminence. Encouraged from his former im-
provement, his father sent him abroad to complete
his education. From this fatal period is to be da-
ted his ruin. To his companions in study, older
than himself, he looked up for example. They
were idle, profane and dissolute; they led him to
their debaucheries and made him partake in their
midnight revels. His first steps were taken with
some reluctance, and he was seen to eye his compan-
ions with astonishment. But as the glass went
round, he would sip at the intoxicating draught un-
til reason and conscience were drowned. As his
genius would have enabled him to have made rapid
improvement in science—he very soon became an
adept in vice. In profanity, in intemperance and
extravagance he exceeded those who had been long in
the school of experience. The father saw with re-
gret the fatal change in his son and left no means un-
tried to reclaim him. Advice, admonition and re-
proof were each attempted in their turn, but in vain.
He would shun the eyes of his father as of an enemy
who pursued him—with a heart wrung with anguish
his father abandoned him for lost, and withheld
from him all further means of support.

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